

In the Smart Little Trap

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

Copyright, 1905, by Homer Sprague

"And he has the smartest looking trap you ever saw, Madge! It's champagne colored and a perfect love. What do you bet I don't land him, trap and all, before the summer's over by?"

Miss Irene Warden, a beauty (and aware of it), was writing to her girl chum concerning the bachelor who had just taken the big colonial house with the carriage road and iron archway which for several seasons now had abandoned hope of usefulness.

She was writing by an open window where the seat of the road came up from the front garden. Beyond lay the pretty tree lined road over which the bachelor and his champagne colored trap had just flown by.

"Although I've told you his name is Horace Matlock," ran on Miss Irene's pen, "I haven't told you what he looks like. He's an old man, forty or fifty, I should say. His nose is rather too big, although people call him handsome, and he's a bit bald, but, then, I suppose, most men who live in big houses and drive smart traps have big noses. What?" Miss Warden smiled a little soft smile into the glass above her dressing table and then bent over her portfolio again:

"Of course I'd prefer dear old Tom. He's young and stunning and sings college songs so beautifully, but, as you know, he hasn't a red! And I really must do something this summer, Madge. My already meager allowance will be cut considerably in the autumn, for in September pa's going to enter with the matrimonial game himself—a horrid, designing widow too! So I must step lively in the parlance of street car officials."

"In point of fact, though," pursued the volatile pen, "it'll be pretty easy, plain sailing. I haven't a single good looking rival up in this out of the way place except old Professor Thornton's daughter, and she's the quietest poke of a girl—regular stay-at-home. And as for dressing—well, Madge, you and I spend as much on our gloves and veils, I reckon, as she does on her whole outfit. That's what comes from having a bookworm for a father!"

The next week in the little village postoffice a friend presented Mr. Horace Matlock to Miss Irene Warden. Apparently the meeting was by accident, but Miss Warden felt her smooth cheeks flush, and her habitual composure was rippled for a second, while, for his part, Mr. Matlock scarcely passed a conventional "glad to meet you" lifted his hat politely, and walked out to his smart little trap.

"I had on my chic voile, the one Aunt Tessie sent me from Paris, you know," wrote Miss Warden to Madge, "and my big white hat with flapping fuchsias. But it was all rank waste."

She couldn't understand it. Her dreams hadn't ended that way at all.

One day in the tiny idle little bank Mr. Horace Matlock stopped short as he recognized a stooped, gaunt figure with a patrician face.

"Why, it's Professor Thornton, isn't it?" he cried, stepping up to him with a cordially outstretched hand.

When Matlock years ago had entered Yale as a freshman Thornton had been tutoring, and quite a friendship had sprung up between them. Subsequently they had lost track of each other. But the satisfaction of the younger man in meeting the older one again was genuine.

"Poor old professor! How thin and worn and aged he's become!" thought Matlock as he drove the professor home to his modest little cottage.

Out in the cottage's side yard by the hollyhocks a girl was picking a great bunch of sweet peas for the lunch table. When she heard the smart little trap stop at the gate she looked quickly up from the blossoming vines and wondered. Who was the distinguishe

guald looking stranger? And where had he picked up dear daddy? A few days later Matlock drove up to the cottage again. It was only decent he told himself, that he should show the professor some attention and take him driving now and then. Perhaps some day also he would take the professor's daughter. He liked her. He liked the natural, unabashed way in which she had acknowledged her father's presentation of him, with her sleeves rolled up and her arms full of sweet peas; he liked the width between her eyes, the breadth of her brow, the lines of her mouth. She was less prettily than many young girls, but there was about her a freshness, a sweet ness, that pleased him, and he had noticed that her figure in her simple little gown was well modeled and slim.

One evening toward twilight, when out in the open lawn bats were whirling aimlessly and tirelessly, Matlock dropped in upon the professor to make him a little call. He had fetched him his afternoon mail as pretext. While they were sitting out on the porch from the shadowy little parlor came the first chords of Beethoven's beautiful "Moonlight Sonata."

"That's Cynthia," said Professor Thornton in answer to his guest's start of surprise. "She's never too tired, no matter how hard or long the day has been, to play that sonata for me in the evening. I love it above all other written music, and she never forgets."

Then while the tree toads droned their harmonies he told Matlock a little about his daughter—how four years ago he had suffered a paralytic stroke and she had been obliged to leave school in her graduating year and nurse him night and day with untiring

BLOOMFIELD
News Depot.

EARLY DELIVERY.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A Full Line of the Best Brands of
Imported and Domestic
CIGARS,

from Acker, Merrill & Condit,
D. Osborne & Co., Wilkinson,
Gaddis & Co.

GARLOCK & MISHELL
Newsdealers,
276 Glenwood Avenue
Opp. D. L. & W. Station.

E. J. F. O'Neil,
PRACTICAL
HORSESHOEING.

All interfering, overhanging, and lame
horses shod in the most scientific manner and
approved principles. Perfect satisfaction
guaranteed. Horses called for and brought
home with care.

426 Bloomfield Ave., near Orange St.

Chas. A. Keyler,
556 Bloomfield Ave..

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE
Of Every Description
Parlor and Chamber Suits, Bureaus, &c.

A MUSLIMAN'S IDEA.
A respectable and honest Musulman
and of course there are millions of
Musulmans entitled to that description—will not swallow alcohol, if he
knows it, even for the good of his
health; will not lift "the harem, veil,"
even if lifting it is essential to the life
of his wife or daughter; will not take
out so is ruinous to him in a business
competition, and will not in a
country ruled by Musulmans from
any motive whatever short of a necessity
such as destroys freedom of will
accord equality to men of other
faiths. In these respects he is a "rational"—
that is, he will act upon the pre-
cepts of his creed as interpreted by its
doctors without reference to any other
consideration, and especially without
reference to convenience or to the opinions,
moral or otherwise, of men of
any other faith. A Musulman's creed
is for him the operative law, as custom
is for a Chinaman, or a caste rule
for a Hindu, or duty for a good Eng-
lishman, or that which is convenient
for a respectable Franchman, and,
though there are points upon which he
will break the law, especially for gain,
there are also points, especially those
we have mentioned, upon which he
will not—rather will be chopped in
pieces or chop you and take all con-
sequences seriously. —London Specta-
tor.

At this point Miss Warden's pretty
teeth absently caught the top of her
palid, while she looked dreamily
toward the sunny, tree lined street.
Then she began to hum.

As she started on the fourth bar of
her song a champagne colored trap
skinned by. In it was the charming
bachelor, and by his side was Cynthia
Thornton.

She couldn't understand it. Her
dreams hadn't ended that way at all.

One day in the tiny idle little bank
Mr. Horace Matlock stopped short as
he recognized a stooped, gaunt figure
with a patrician face.

"Why, it's Professor Thornton, isn't
it?" he cried, stepping up to him with
a cordially outstretched hand.

When Matlock years ago had entered
Yale as a freshman Thornton had been
tutoring, and quite a friendship had
sprung up between them. Subsequently
they had lost track of each other.

But the satisfaction of the younger
man in meeting the older one again
was genuine.

"Poor old professor! How thin and
worn and aged he's become!" thought
Matlock as he drove the professor home
to his modest little cottage.

Out in the cottage's side yard by the
hollyhocks a girl was picking a great
bunch of sweet peas for the lunch table.

When she heard the smart little trap
stop at the gate she looked quickly
up from the blossoming vines and
wondered. Who was the distinguishe

guald looking stranger? And where
had he picked up dear daddy?

A few days later Matlock drove up to
the cottage again. It was only decent
he told himself, that he should show
the professor some attention and take
him driving now and then. Perhaps
some day also he would take the
professor's daughter. He liked her. He
liked the natural, unabashed way in
which she had acknowledged her father's
presentation of him, with her sleeves
rolled up and her arms full of sweet
peas; he liked the width between
her eyes, the breadth of her brow, the
lines of her mouth. She was less prettily
than many young girls, but there
was about her a freshness, a sweet
ness, that pleased him, and he had
noticed that her figure in her simple
little gown was well modeled and slim.

One evening toward twilight, when
out in the open lawn bats were whirling
aimlessly and tirelessly, Matlock
dropped in upon the professor to make
him a little call. He had fetched him
his afternoon mail as pretext.

While they were sitting out on the porch
from the shadowy little parlor came the
first chords of Beethoven's beautiful
"Moonlight Sonata."

"That's Cynthia," said Professor
Thornton in answer to his guest's start
of surprise. "She's never too tired, no
matter how hard or long the day has
been, to play that sonata for me in the
evening. I love it above all other
written music, and she never forgets."

Then while the tree toads droned
their harmonies he told Matlock a little
about his daughter—how four years
ago he had suffered a paralytic stroke
and she had been obliged to leave
school in her graduating year and
nurse him night and day with untiring

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
William P. Conklin, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

Dated June 4, 1905.

WILLIAM G. MCCLINTON.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 11, 1905.

EDWIN B. GOONELL, Proctor.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
William P. Conklin, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 11, 1905.

EDWIN B. GOONELL, Proctor.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the administrator of the estate of
John G. Kent, deceased, will be audited and
settled by the Surrogate and reported for settlement
to the Orphans' Court of the County of
Essex, on Tuesday, the thirtieth day of July
next.

DATED JUNE 4, 1905.

GEORGE E. DECAEN.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of
the deceased, the